

PLEASE  
BUY MY VERSES.

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PRICE: WHAT YOU PLEASE

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The Bearer Lost His Eyesight While Blasting,  
in December, 1868.

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Good Christian, ever true and kind,  
Whose eyes this page doth see,  
Pity a brother, poor and blind,  
And truly thankful be—  
That God's rich mercy saves you from  
A sorrow that should blight  
Your fairest hopes and make your life  
A journey through the night.

Oh, can there be a heavier cross  
Than that a brother bears?  
A blind man's fate were bad enough  
Without a poor man's cares;  
Without a need of seeking for  
The children's bread each day,  
And groping, finds the means wherewith  
To keep the wolf away.

Oh, God, be merciful and save  
Us from all unthankfulness!  
A grateful heart will not refuse  
The poor blind man to bless.  
God's promises are ever sure,  
The scripture doth record  
That what is given to the poor  
Is lent unto the Lord.

Then will this blind man ever pray  
To God both day and night  
To guide you safely on your way,  
And long preserve your sight.  
And that he may your wealth increase  
While you on earth remain,  
And give you comfort, health and peace  
And heaven at last you gain.

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Probably S. W. Ontario